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NO. 43.

R F Herd Leads for second Place

Masters Close After Him

The Other Boys Still in The Race.

They All Make Large Gains

Figure Out for Yourself How It Goes

Stick to Your Friends and Bring Them Up.

The Interest is at Fever Heat and Unabated. Everybody is Working and Guessing. Many Coupons Carried Away to be Voted Later. We have Been Rushed this Week to Give out Coupons and are a Day Late in Publishing. Crowds Thronged the Office Begging us to take Their Money. Lots of old, back accounts and cut-offs paying up.

One dollar buys 200 votes; \$5 buys 1,000 votes; \$10 buys 2,000 votes. Twelve more subscriptions would have put Herd in first place. Fifteen subscriptions would put Masters in second place, and 25 subscriptions would give him first place. Twenty-six subscriptions would place O'Dell in first place, and 15 subs would give him second. Fifty-two subs would put Allgood in first place, and 42 subs would give him second place. About the same calculation would place either Henderson, Freeman or Hester up to first or second place respectively. Just a little bit of work on your part will turn the trick for your carrier.

Last report will be published next week. There is a single coupon, good for 5 votes, published elsewhere in this paper. Hunt for it.

FOR CARRIERS' PRIZE.

Ross O'Dell, Liberty,	12250
R F Herd, Pickens,	15190
R Henderson, Pickens	8555
Joke Allgood, Liberty	6015
Middleton Hester, Pickens	7485
C G Masters, Central,	12525
Wm Mullinix, Central	1010
D G Hubbard, Easley	1635
B F Freeman, Pickens,	7335
MoWhorter, Liberty,	405
Frank Hendricks, Pickens,	17435
Hal Boggs, Calhoun,	1000
Steele, Central,	900
Os Arnold, Central,	800
Mark Hunt, Dacusville	1300
John Carpenter, Easley	1130
King, Easley	400

SCHOLARSHIP PRIZE.

Dreamer's Arthur, Liberty,	9495
Miss Lucia Earle, Pickens,	13265
Tilman Garrett, Hurricane,	4530
Miss Zora Smith, Central,	3990
Miss Lena Balentine, Central	12880
Miss Lida Leslie, Easley,	495
Miss Essie Kelley, Pickens	2155
Miss Katy Edens, Pumpkintown	2290
Miss Elsie Herd, Pickens	7300
Miss Viola Gilstrap,	18915
Miss Pearl Dalton, Hurricane	2190
Miss Ida Elrod, Pumpkinton,	975
Miss Bessie Thomas, Dacusville,	2240
Miss Jessie Parsons, Liberty,	3485
Miss Mattie Bowen, Easley,	110
Minnie Kay,	30
Nora Chapman,	400

FOR TOWNSHIP PRIZES.

CENTRAL.	
Lena Balentine	12360
Zora Smith	3640
EASLEY.	
Mattie Bowen	1305
Lida Leslie,	295
Ella Cooper, Easley,	255
Lidle McCollum, Easley	200
LIBERTY	
Alma Clayton	7755
Jessie May Parsons,	3625
PICKENS	
Lucia Earle	8560
Essie Kelley, Pickens	2620
Viola Gilstrap, Pickens	11900
DACUSVILLE.	
Marinda Watson,	785
Lizzie Day	600

Bessie Thomas	1400
Lillian Farmer	8695
HURRICANE	
Lizzie Garrett	4080
Nora Chapman	13875
Pearl Dalton	1690
EASTATOE	
Flora Winchester	3385
Leona Chapman	400
Lida Thomas	2850
PUMPKINTOWN	
Ida Elrod	1240
Katy Edens	2320

The Letter Followed Him.
Just as Henry Labouchere had been appointed secretary to the British embassy at Constantinople his chief, Lord Hammond, requested him to proceed to Constantinople without delay. But this arrangement did not suit Mr. Labouchere, and a week later his chief saw him strolling leisurely along the Strand. The latter glared menacingly upon him and hurried on to his club.

A very peremptory letter was the result, but Mr. Labouchere guessed the nature of the message and recognized the writing, so he did not open the envelope, but placed it in the tail pocket of his coat. Then he set off for a little holiday at Baden-Baden, and when he had been there for a week or so he opened the letter.

"Now," he remarked to a friend. "you can appreciate my foresight in placing Hammond's letter in my tail pocket, for I shall write him as follows:

"My lord, I have just read your letter, which followed me to Baden-Baden."
This explanation of the delay was regarded as wholly satisfactory by Lord Hammond, who until he received it had been disposed to be very wroth with his dilatory assistant.

Very Steady.

Farmer Haye—That Jones boy that used to work for you wants me to give him a job. Is he steady? Farmer Seede—Well, if he was any steeper he'd be motionless.—London Express.

Poor Jack.

Clara—Jack intends to have all his own way when we are married. Clara's Mamma—Then why do you want to marry him? Clara—To relieve his mind of a false impression.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Liberty.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Boggs, of Fountain Inn, visited relatives at Liberty during the holidays.

Miss Addie Lee Davis entertained a few friends in honor of her 14th birthday, on the 2d inst., at the residence of her father, D. H. Davis.

The Junior Endeavor Society of the Presbyterian church held its annual bazaar Dec. 17-18. A large crowd was present each night. They took in over \$60, which is to be used in church work.

Dear "Old Biddle," I thought after writing as I did about your seeing so well after night, that perhaps the moon shone on Six Mile, too. I had got the idea that it shone brighter at Liberty than elsewhere, but to hear the SENTINEL editor talk, one would think sunshine, moonshine and all other shines were to be had only at Pickens.

I was at the poultry show the last day, and along about hungry time I drove out to my brother's for dinner, and had to turn aside to let 12 wagons and buggies pass, all "chook" full of people. I overheard an occupant of one of the wagons say to another, "I wonder if that old fool 'Dreamer' will be there with her turkey, boy and jewsharp?" It went all down the line, and they answered back one and all, "That's what's taking me." I helped them, and when I asked some of them to vote for my boy they had all "promised to help others," like they couldn't give the girls the township and my boy the scholarship votes. You better reckon I was glad I didn't get off on the first day of the show, for I had six jars of tomatoes and pickles, some sirup and several things I intended taking just to help out. The family cautioned me not to go giving out advice unasked, but I got my "dander up" and concluded to keep my money and not "help the show any longer, as Pickens won't or don't help my boy. I'll get even with them yet. I'll start a paper at Liberty; all that's needed is a suitable title, plenty of funds and talent—and I'll get friend Rankin to help me and we'll get up a dog show, and the way we'll boost Liberty will be a caution. I'm not out of heart if my boy is behind, for I believe you will help him to catch up. Now, won't you, my friends? Thanks, I knew you would. I will not be with you again soon. Of course, I don't expect to be missed—except pleasantly—for 'tis said "a dreamer is one you can't understand," but ah, well, we all know Joseph was a dreamer, and we understand what he did finally.

DREAMER

Hogs and Distilleries.

Well, there is no use saying any longer there are no hard times. The crisis is here. With the shortest cotton crop that has been made for ten years, and not any surplus from previous crops, and the staple only bringing about 75 per cent. of the cost of production, there is no use saying there is not something wrong the matter. Cotton will not get any higher, either.

Had I been elected year before last and got my bill through, there would have been at least 500 distilleries in upper South Carolina, with a capacity of from 700 to 1,000 gallons per day, and would have been to have supplied Atlanta this with 500,000 gallons of whisky, and we would bring a subsidy from other free states

of more than \$20,000,000 this year. Besides, those hogs I meet farmers carrying out of town every time I go would have been raised here. Over 400 come in to Greenville every week from Tennessee and Kentucky distilleries.

Some fools may say that I am exaggerating. Let's see. I was told by a conservative man in Greenville (one who is opposed to whisky-drinking, and one who is not afraid to butt his head against the best brains in the city), that over \$700 left that city every day for whisky. If that is correct, then have I exaggerated as to Atlanta using 500,000 gallons this year? Some will say, "But the moral evil." Had we not as well face it as other communities?

On the last day of January there were large signs floating all over Asheville and Atlanta, from Richmond, Va., and various other places, reading thusly: "One hundred per cent, whisky, delivered at your own house, at \$2 per gallon. Guaranteed under the pure food and drug law."

Had South Carolina had the right kind of laws she would be like a steed with his tail cocked, head up and neck bowed, prancing on the road to progress and prosperity; instead of that she stands with her ears flopped, hair turned the wrong way, flinching, while the vehement reptiles suck her life's blood away.

But some one will ask, "What about our religion?" Better substitute for the word "religion" the word "superstition."

Those who have got the paper containing my first article, keep it and watch. My mouth and pen are not presumed to be prophetic, but some things I say will come true.

I have fattened 17 hogs this year, and it's a Solomon trick to know when to quit, but I'll be d—d if I ain't done.

I am going to make 100 bales of cotton this year. I can make it as cheap as anybody in this country. I have got the hands and I will take up my old rule, (for which they turned me out of church) fuss and cuss. I can make money out of cotton if I have to. I did it at 50 per pound, but it took a lot of cussing, and I don't know how much that is going to cost me, but I'm going to try to have it charged up to the prohibitionists.

I forgot to say in the proper place that besides the money that would come in here from other states for whisky, there would be sent down here a lot of money from Washington to pay storekeepers, gaugers and other officers; but we would not need the other officers a great deal, as the distilling business would go into the hands of men that would be proud to violate the law.

N. W. HESTER.

Hazel.

Elijah Winchester recently called on Robert L. Gilstrap, at Walhalla, on business. He says that "Bob," as he is familiarly called throughout the county, is yet the same "Bob." He reports health good and crops fine in that section.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Thomas visited at the home of A. T. Winchester a couple of days last week.

Jos. Garron spent the holidays with friends in Rosman, N. C.

G. W. Nelson and Alex. Henderson spent Christmas with friends in the Flat Rock section, below Liberty.

Your unworthy scribe spent Christ-

mas in Greenville at the hospitable home of Prof. J. L. Haynie, the music man. The professor had been quite sick, but was much better, being able to go our riding Christmas day. This excellent family sure know how to entertain a fellow and make him feel at home. We were treated to some very fine vocal and instrumental music by Miss May and Eldie Haynie.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Edens spent Tuesday at the home of Daniel Winchester.

J. R. Meece now sports a fine horse and buggy.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Meece treated their friends and neighbors to a fine dinner on New Year's day in honor of the 18th anniversary of their marriage. It was indeed a grand treat to all present. The long tables were heavily laden with all the good things the inner man could desire, to which the guests did ample justice. You ought to have been with us, "Uncle Zake."

Born, on the 3d inst., to Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Graveler, a daughter.

Mrs. Mary Stewart, wife of James Stewart, of the Reedy Cove section, died on the 30th ult., of consumption, and was buried the day following her death in the New Friendship churchyard. She leaves a husband, two children and several grandchildren to mourn her death. She was between 50 and 60 years of age, and had been a consistent member of the Baptist church for a number of years.

MOUNTAIN SPROUT.

Catechee.

To the editor, Uncle Zake, the compositors, the devil, the many readers, and in fact to the whole push of the SENTINEL-JOURNAL:

After a regular Rip Van Winkle sleep, the old pencil-pusher from Catechee woke up this morning and found 1908 wrote on the board. After inquiry he was informed that the year 1907 was a thing of the past only from a historical standpoint, and with the advent of the new year many changes had taken place. We find many vacant seats at homes we once visited heretofore. When we pass cemeteries and see new graves we are told such an one was buried there during the year 1907. Then the thought comes to our mind that only 365 days ago and maybe less time that those friends were upon this beautiful earth enjoying no doubt good health and the luxuries of life, but now they are sleeping an everlasting sleep. It is not for us to know where are their souls. One thing we know, and that is this, there are only two places where they can go, and when we leave this beautiful world we are forced to take the one for which we are best suited. We are told that one of those places is a place of joy and happiness, prepared especially for those who do the Lord's will, the other place is a place of misery and torment, prepared especially for those who do the devil's will. Now, my dear friends, as the year 1909 may find us beneath a mound of earth, just as our deceased friends are now. Then how important it is that we take choice of the good place at the beginning of the year, so that we can prepare and fit ourselves as the scholars do for college. Certainly, as we fail to stand the examination so sure will we be turned away.

Catechee seems to be suffering from that dreadful demon, fire. Three dwelling houses have burned at this place in the past six or eight months.

(continued on last page.)